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GEORGE Q. CANNON,
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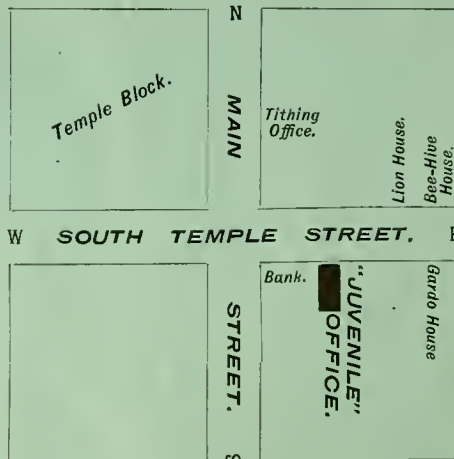
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS

VOL. XXVI—No. 2. SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 15, 1891. TERMS: { \$2.00 per year in advance.

A HERO OF NAVAL HISTORY.

IT WAS a most daring thing for Horatio Nelson, then a subordinate officer in His Majesty's naval service, to do, when signaled by his commanding officer to withdraw, and he refused to obey the summons. Sir

nation, before negotiations were opened, and then a refusal to yield could be speedily forced by the fleet. This counsel, however, was unheeded with the result that when the proposals were rejected the Danish took immediate steps to prevent the ships from passing the Sound. Preparations for an attack



"NAIL ME TO THE MAST."

Hyde Parker had under his charge eighteen sail of the line with a number of frigates and smaller vessels with which he was to bombard the Danish capital, Copenhagen, in the event of a refusal to assent to proposals which England felt justified in presenting to the Danes. March 12th, 1801, the fleet sailed from Yarmouth Roads. Vice-admiral Nelson recommended that they go directly to their desti-

nation, before negotiations were opened, and then a refusal to yield could be speedily forced by the fleet. This counsel, however, was unheeded with the result that when the proposals were rejected the Danish took immediate steps to prevent the ships from passing the Sound. Preparations for an attack

were now made, and Nelson was appointed to the duty with twelve line-of-battle ships and some smaller craft. On the morning of April 2nd, the orders having been issued to the various ships, an advance was made. The defenses were found to be very formidable; war ships, block ships, etc., were moored in the only channel leading between the shoals and the city, and these

were supported by powerful batteries. The firing commenced at 10 o'clock, and for about three hours the battle raged fiercely, for the Danes fought with more than their usual valor.

Three of the principal vessels stuck fast on the shoals, and they had thrown out signals of distress. These were discovered by Sir Hyde Parker, who had not approached sufficiently close to take part in the engagement, and in the thick of the fight he signaled a retreat. But Nelson, whose attention was called to this fact, impulsively replied, "Damn the signal! Keep mine for close battle flying. That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast." And with the certainty of professional disgrace staring him in the face in the case of failure, he worked out a glorious victory.

By 2 p. m. the firing ceased, as Nelson saw that a continuance of the conflict only meant the sacrificing of the lives of his brave opponents. He sent a flag of truce ashore, and arrangements were made for a cessation of the struggle for twenty-four hours during which time negotiations should be entered into with the commander-in-chief. Nelson now turned his attention to placing his crippled vessels beyond the reach of the enemy's batteries, but his own ship, the *Elephant*, with three others remained fast in the sand. On removing from his ship to another he remembered the signal of the chief admiral and remarked, "Well, I have fought contrary to orders, and I shall, perhaps, be hanged. Never mind; let them!"

Far from feeling to condemn or even censure, his countrymen almost felt to idolize him, and his superior officer even sent him ashore the next day to treat with the crown prince concerning the dispute. The latter was the nephew of the king of England, and was greatly incensed at the attack upon his capital. He demanded of Nelson to know why it had been done. The brave vice-admiral replied, "To crush and annihilate a confederacy formed against the most vital interests of England." Then, pointing to Bernsdorf, the minister, who was present, he

said, "That is the man who has done all the mischief, and is guilty of all the blood that has been shed.

When an armistice was urged, the fear of Russia's resentment was mentioned, for this nation was an ally, but Nelson said England would see that Russia caused them no trouble. One of the Danes present now suggested a renewal of the hostilities, at which the intrepid commander responded, "Very well, we are ready to begin the bombardment tonight." The crown prince, however, thought differently, and took Nelson into his private room, where an armistice was concluded after several days' discussion.

Had Nelson's career ended with this grand success, his fame as a naval commander would have remained to the end of time undimmed on the pages of English history, but a more brilliant termination of so glorious a life was reserved for this great chieftain.

In the wars that convulsed Europe during the early part of the present century, it was to Nelson that the greatest credit was due for maintaining to England her title of "mistress of the seas." After continuous service and almost unbroken success upon the water for many years, Nelson had returned to England to recuperate his failing health and gain much needed rest. It was here at his home at Merton, Surrey, where he heard of the combination of the French and Spanish fleets and the havoc they were playing with English vessels; he also realized the danger to his country from this great combination. He could not rest in idleness. He reported himself ready for service, and by the 15th of September, 1805, was aboard his old flagship, the *Victory*. He set sail for Cadiz, accompanied by three ships of war, where he was greeted with enthusiasm by the English fleet, which was engaged in watching their opponents who were anchored safely within the harbor.

Villeneuve was in command of the allied fleet, and he decided on sailing out to meet the enemy, whom he expected to speedily vanquish. On October 19th anchor was weighed, and on the morning of the 21st,

when the English fleet lay about seven leagues north-west of Cape Trafalgar, the hostile fleet was seen about seven miles to the eastward. Nelson ordered his ships to bear down on the enemy in the careful order already arranged. He then retired to his cabin, where he wrote some letters, and an appeal to his country for the care of his relatives and dear friends, for he had a strong presentiment that he would not survive the engagement upon which he was just entering. As the fleets now drew near to each other Nelson hoisted on his mizen top-mast his famous and last signal, "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY."

The British fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, four frigates, one schooner and one cutter. Of the French and Spanish were thirty-three sail of the line, five frigates and two brigs. The latter had 2626 guns, and the former 2148. The French vessels were in far superior condition to the old, weather-worn ones of Nelson.

The terrible struggle soon commenced. Ship grappled with ship, and it became almost a hand-to-hand contest. The incessant cannonade swept away men, masts and tackle at every moment. In the midst of the carnage Nelson had just remarked to Captain Hardy, "Hardy, this is too warm work to last long," when he fell severely wounded on the deck. As he was being carried below his faithful captain expressed the hope that his wound was not serious; but he answered, "Yes, they have done for me at last, Hardy; my backbone is shot through." The raging of the battle seemed to keep life in the body, and only when victory was assured did the greatest of English naval commanders pass away, with the noble words on his lips, "Thank God, I have done my duty!"

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Germany and its Emperor.

THE Emperor William of Germany is evidently not content to fill the throne and leave to his ministers the labor of caring for his subjects and promoting their interests. From the day that he ascended the throne he has shown marked traits of character and has exhibited a strength and, in some respects, an originality that he was not credited with possessing. When he permitted Bismarck to retire, some felt that he had committed a fatal blunder, and that he would miss the veteran diplomatist who had held the helm of foreign affairs in the German Empire for so many years; but thus far the results have shown that the throne is greater than Bismarck. The young Emperor seemed to take in the situation and to realize that if Bismarck continued to occupy the position which he held for so long under his grandfather, Bismarck would get all the credit of any changes of importance that might be made. Bismarck had overshadowed the throne, and to him was credited in a great degree the success of the German Empire. Emperor William seems not to have been willing to adopt Bismarck's methods, and he is marking out a new line of policy for his empire. Bismarck is scarcely heard of at the present time, and he is so advanced in years that there is no probability of his regaining his former influence and power.

The latest expression from the Emperor William that has come to this side of the Atlantic is his recent speech on school reform. He has dealt the method of teaching in the colleges and universities of his own land a staggering blow. He thinks the time lost which is spent in cramming the German student with Latin and Greek, instead of teaching them their own language and the history of their own land. He declares that these higher schools must mend their methods; they must make their studies bear upon practical life; reduce boys' book work, and give more time for healthy recreation and the training of the body. The present system of educa-

tion, he says, tends towards the production of a highly educated people in certain directions, but it is in theory more than in practical affairs. To this faulty education he attributes the growth of fault-finding and dissatisfaction among the German people. They do not understand the value of their own institutions, and are therefore continually finding fault with their own government and commending the government of other nations. This dissatisfaction he attributes to ignorance, arising from defective education concerning modern Germany and its aims. According to the report, he speaks very plainly respecting journalists. He says they are "high school products, run to seed," and that they are largely recruited from those whose education is defective in the direction of which he spoke, and they become a class dangerous in society. He declared that he would not license any more high schools until their methods were amended.

There is no doubt that the system of education which prevails in the high schools in that land is very faulty, and a great deal of valuable time is wasted in teaching the dead languages.

But those familiar with Germany and with the views which prevail among many of the educated men can imagine what a sensation the utterance of these sentiments has caused. The journalists, especially, have taken umbrage at his reference to them, and no doubt college professors and those who are connected with the present system of training the youth of Germany will be startled at the Emperor's strictures. Yet there is abundant truth in what he says. No man in the German Empire could say it with such force or with such a probability of it receiving attention as the Emperor. Thoughtful men, doubtless, will see reasons for taking the same view that he does and for advocating the carrying out of his ideas in schools. In fact, already his suggestions have been taken up and the teaching of modern languages will receive more attention hereafter than the teaching of Latin and Greek.

There is no doubt that there are many defects in the popular method of education in Germany, in England and in America. It is frequently the case that years are spent in the study of branches which are of comparatively little use to the students in their subsequent careers. Instead of learning the practical duties and labors of life, they are taught theories; and a few years spent in college unfit many men for the struggle of life. It is a growing fault in the United States, that there is too much education of a certain character. It is not practical enough. Washington City is crowded with college-bred men hunting places, and members of Congress are constantly pestered by applicants for clerkships and positions under the government where men can live easily without performing manual labor. This is undoubtedly the fault of defective education. When a youth is permitted to spend the years during which he should be learning manual labor and some practical business at which he can sustain himself and help sustain others in going to school, when he emerges from school he is badly fitted to grapple with the serious labors of life. His education, he thinks, should bring him a support. Hence all the branches of business where light work promises living returns are crowded with applicants.

There is a growing tendency of this character among us in this Territory. The best education that any young man can obtain is to be capable to work at manual labor. Then if he can add skill to his energies, and has intelligence with it, he becomes a valuable member of society. But when the young men of a country look upon manual labor as degrading, and crowd the ranks of the various professions, hoping to make a living without heavy toil, then the future of that generation is unpromising. I have a great respect for a young man who has been taught to labor at hard work, and who can do so cheerfully and without feeling oppressed by it. Such a young man, if his habits are good and his conduct such as Latter-day Saints should always exhibit, is a valuable member

of society. Men of this class are the bone and sinew of the land. They are the producers, and they will be honored of God and men.

The Editor.

"WASEL" DARROW.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.]

THE exciting scenes through which William had lately passed, with the sleepless anxiety he had endured, had proven too much for him. A night of unconsciousness followed, but when morning dawned he awoke to a realization of their situation. He raised his head feebly and looked across the river towards their beautiful and ruined city, and a heavy groan burst from his lips.

In an instant his sister was by his side and in cheering tones said: "Turn your face towards the west, my brother. You are looking backwards now."

He threw his arm around her and drew her to him in an affectionate embrace, and said: "You dear, sweet, hopeful sister, that home in the west has great happiness in store for you, but"—he did not finish the sentence; perhaps he thought that under the circumstances his gloomy forebodings were better not expressed.

But Rachael knew what he would say, and stifling her own emotions she sought to arouse him from his despondency by pointing out to him the pleasures they were to enjoy together in that far-off home they were seeking, beyond the boundaries of the lands of their enemies, and towards which the latter had so rudely hastened them. "When we've reached that place, dear Will," said she, "we'll be where they cannot afflict us again."

"I'm afraid, Wasel, that long before we reach that home I shall be already beyond their power to molest," said he sadly.

"My poor brother is tired out," said she, while she lovingly kissed his forehead. "I'll make you some porridge from the meal we brought and that will strengthen you."

As she busied herself over the smoky wood

fire cooking her brother's repast, the noise made by the mob holding carnival in their city fell upon her ears. All through her long sleepless watch of the night before, her ears had been saluted at short intervals by the dreadful sounds, and now when the broad light of day came it did not shame the wretches from their hideous carousings, but with fiendish barbarism they continued all day to insult the ears of their helpless victims. The misery endured by that camp of exiled Saints has been partially told by those who survived those terrible times; but the story in all its details is written only in the heaven, I believe.

Exposed to storms, afflicted with fever and ague, and, finally, driven to starvation, they were soon in a wretched condition. Rachael each day divided her portion of food with those whom she thought suffered.

Care for her brother whom she saw growing weaker each day through lack of proper care and nourishment, told heavily upon her frame. Though her body became wasted, yet the vitality of her spirits never lessened. With her happy, cheerful smiles and hopeful words she spread sunshine wherever she moved. How wonderfully may the soul be lifted above tribulation through its faith in God. The invalid brother and the sister who watched and prayed by him each day and night, grew very dear to each other. "Brother Will" had never been so loved by Rachael as now, and more for his sake than her own did she anxiously watch and pray for a relief of their misery.

Days grew into weeks before the relief, sent by their friends who had gone before, reached them, and before it came William Darrow had passed away. During one dark and rainy night he fell asleep as peacefully as a babe upon its mother's bosom. Throughout the day he had suffered intense pain, and as evening approached he clasped his sister's hand and whispered, "Don't leave me for a moment, Wasel, you must be with me when the hour comes." She took her seat on a piece of drift wood by his side and soothingly

caressed him. As night came on his paroxysms of pain ceased and he fell into a quiet slumber. She sat by him alone as he slept. She felt it would be an imposition on her friends to accept their kindly offers to sit with her in this lonely watch, for each family had its sick and dying to care for.

Hours passed while she sat there, with no sound disturbing the stillness, except the groans of the sick and the gentle dropping of the rain. She left him occasionally to administer a cup of cold water—all she had to give—to Aunt Hetty and her little ones who lay burning with fever, when she would return again to her vigil. At length a low, joyful exclamation burst from her brother's lips, and as if in joyful greeting he spoke the name of Agnes.

"He's dreaming sweet dreams of her," said his sister. But soon the hand she held began to grow stiff and cold, and the thought came to her that the real presence of the wife had been there and with her he had passed into the great beyond. She could not see his face, for she had no light, and the night was intensely dark; but as she passed her hand over the rigid features and pressed her cheek against his cold one, she knew that he was dead, and a loud wail of sorrow escaped her; it aroused her sleeping neighbors, and in a few moments she was surrounded by weeping friends. They smoothed his bed and straightened the stiffened limbs, and did what they could to prepare him, whom they all had loved and seen suffer so much, for his burial.

When morning came the old cart bed was taken off and converted into a coffin—not all who were laid away there were so well provided for. They would have narrowed it to a more shapely box but its length was not sufficient, so having wrapped him carefully in the now worn and faded plaid shawl, they laid him diagonally across the bottom. Covering the box with limbs and moss from the river's bank they lowered him into the capacious sepulchre they had dug, and left him there, to await the glorious resurrection of the just. Well might the hearts of these

poor Saints have been filled with gladness and rejoicing when after these weeks of suffering the Camp of the Poor was organized and started for the west. Rachael and Aunt Hetty spent the winter in Winter Quarters where the latter had buried her youngest child.

The trying scenes through which Rachael passed awakened the emotions of her strongly sympathetic heart to feel more keenly the woes of others. Through all the tiresome marches and dreary camps of the Saints till they reached their haven of rest she ever sought the comfort of the afflicted. She nursed the fretful children while the tired mothers took a little rest; she took her place as watcher beside the sick and dying, and helped arrange the dead for burial.

I would not have the reader suppose that all of Rachael's time or even a very large portion of it was occupied in mournful occupations.

Graves of the Saints mark their route all the way from Nauvoo to Salt Lake City, but despite all this and the hardships attendant upon a journey of over eight thousand miles, with ox teams and scant provisions, over an almost trackless wild, they were a happy people; for God was with them and where His Spirit abides there is the freedom of peace. The song, the dance and the hymn of praise cheered their way; and in all their rejoicings no heart breathed a readier response than her's, and by striving with her own hopefulness to wean the mournful mother's thoughts from the lone graves they were leaving behind she was less inclined to look back upon her own departed dead.

Oh those days of slow and tedious travel over the dreary plains! How glad were the poor, travel-worn wives when Saturday afternoon arrived and the monotonous routine of travel was broken by a few hours' allotted to baking, washing, repairing, etc., and making preparations for the morrow's Sabbath—for Sunday was always observed as a day of rest and worship.

That the weak teams might not be over-

burdened all who were able-bodied were required to walk by turns, and before they reached the valley Rachael was barefoot, but she drew on the boots her brother William had worn. She felt no shame in wearing the boots; indeed, she was thus better clad than many, for a number of belles, fairer than she, had already encased their feet in old cloths to protect them from the rough ground.

When her wardrobe became nearly exhausted she converted her brother's shirts into waists and sacques for herself, while Aunt Hetty who had the misfortune to lose her bonnet was obliged to appropriate to her own use the hat of the deceased. But soon a brother in the camp met with the loss of his hat, when a mutual exchange took place; he took the hat and gave in return a new apron of his wife's which Aunt Hetty converted into a bonnet for herself.

I would not detain my reader with a prolonged account of these incidents of the plains, though I have listened for hours with unabated interest to them as they were told by our parents, the participants in them; and if there is one delight I have in friendly association more than another it is to seek a comfortable seat by the fireside of some of these ancient couples, many of whom are to be found in the settlements of our Sunny South, and hear them recount these tales of their early experience in the Church. There is one, a neighbor of mine, a man who was associated with the Prophet Joseph during his life, and whose hairs have become snow-white in the service of Christ, and who yet possesses all the vigor of spiritual life and the same unswerving faith in the gospel as in those early days, and to him I am indebted for many interesting narratives connected with the early history of the Church.

Summer faded and the snows of October began to settle upon the wayfarers before their journey was completed. Gradually the broad plain narrowed into the mountain defile, and threatening storms betokened—a fair similitude—that they who would reach the God-given rest prepared for His faithful ones,

must meet opposing elements. They traveled for some days in a storm of rain and sleet which pierced the faces of the drivers as they urged their poor teams along with the heavy wagons through mud in which the wheels sank nearly to the hubs. At the close of one of these, when evening seemed setting like a pall upon the spirits of the worn-out and almost disconsolate company, word was given by their commander that they would see Great Salt Lake on the morrow. The joyful message flew rapidly along the line and a deep and silent prayer of thankfulness went up from every heart. Fathers, as they knelt with their families in their wagons, in the darkness—for the wind was such that no fire nor light could be made—thanked God for their near deliverance, and mothers soothed their cold and hungry children to sleep that night with hymns of praise.

The morrow brought again the sun's bright rays. The heavy clouds that remained in the morning drifted during the day away to the east, and as the train emerged from Emigration canyon they paused, and in the radiant light of the afternoon sun they gazed with hearts full of emotion upon their home.

Soon after the arrival in Salt Lake City, Aunt Hetty married again. Rachael's skill in the arts of housekeeping soon secured her a home and fair wages in the best of families.

In those good old days of early Utah, society made no difference between individuals, except as to real merit, so Rachael's friends and associations were among the best. With her own hands she spun, dyed and wove the neat, pretty dresses she wore, as did also the other young ladies of her time, for then housewives and maidens vied with each other in the art of home manufacture.

Rachael was a general favorite with the young people, from whom she some times received the title of "old maid," but her buoyant spirits and genial nature made her an ever welcome guest at picnics, parties and balls.

"Now, Edson, don't you come in here to bother Rachael today," said Mrs. Harwood, as her son came, paper in hand, into the

room where she was giving some instructions to Rachael Darrow, who sat at a loom weaving, and threw himself down on a bench. "I don't want to fail to have that piece of plaid ready for the fair, and she hasn't any more time than she needs to finish it."

Mrs. Harwood was very anxious that her piece of cloth should secure at least the third prize. She did not expect to excel entirely, for there was Mother Young and Sister Nebeker, whose dyes *never* failed, and she would not think of competing with them.

"Never fear, mother," said Edson, "that Rachael will waste any of her precious time on me. I want to read the *News* to her. You keep her so busy she never has time to look into the paper for herself."

"That is all right, my son," said his mother. "I am glad to see you for once think you have time to read it yourself."

It must be remembered that only hard, unceasing labor reclaimed the valleys of Utah from the wilderness in which the Saints found them. To make a living for their families from the barren soil against the odds of early frosts, grasshoppers and crickets, consumed much of the fathers' and brothers' time, which they would fain have spent in intellectual pursuits—hence Mrs. Harwood's remark.

I know it has been said of the Latter-day Saints, that until eastern civilization was forced upon them they cared nothing for intellectual attainments; in fact, it is stated by these falsifiers that they were entirely opposed to them. We who know better can testify how grossly false these statements are. How well does the writer of this remember that from the remnant of a worn out Bible her first lessons in reading were taken regularly every morning by my mother's side while the latter churned her butter.

Again comes the picture of my tired father sitting at the close of a hard day's work endeavoring to read by the light of a tallow candle from some one of the *very* few books his library afforded. But exhausted nature would not admit of a further strain upon it, and sheer fatigue compels him to seek his rest

before he has read a chapter. True, the Saints had few schools, for the reason there were very few who were able to bring books with them, and in their isolated position there were no means of procuring them.

How oft have we heard the eager question asked the traveling emigrant who stopped to seek supplies from the Saints, "Have you any books?" and the answer, "No, we're hunting gold; we've no time to read books!" Once chance threw in my father's way one of those who happened to have with him two books, the "History of the French Revolution" and "Life of Cyrus." And I cannot forget how willingly he paid out of his hard-earned wheat and potatoes the extravagant price of these two volumes for his children's reading, though they were not such as he would have preferred at the time.

The Harwoods, though well-off and one of the leading families, were no exception to the rule of the hard-working Saints.

Mrs. Harwood suspected that it was not solely to benefit Rachael by giving her the news items that Edson left his work in the field and sought the loom house that afternoon. She had noticed that he had lately been in the habit of lingering there, often an hour at a time.

Edson soon dropped the paper he was reading and watched the shuttles as they flew from Rachael's hands with lightning speed from side to side between the crossing threads, then presently said, "I hope that mother will be awarded some sort of prize on your piece of cloth, Rachael."

"My cloth!" repeated she. "Indeed it is not my cloth."

"Well," said he, "the preparation of that piece is an instance that sets forth this fact: that ambition and capital have entirely the advantage of talent and industry."

"I don't understand you," said she.

"I'll explain," he said. "You have been here for weeks helping mother with her spinning, and I heard her say when she made a selection among her yarns for the skeins for this piece, she chose the ones you spun be-

cause they were smother and more evenly drawn than hers were. The dyeing she did principally under your direction. She adopted the changes you recommended in the design of the pattern; and, lastly, you weave it. Now, whatever of merit is accorded to mother on that piece of plaid is due, I say, to your superior intellect."

Rachael paused a moment with the uplifted shuttle in her hand, then threw it at him. He dodged, and it struck the log wall behind him.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

FOREIGN TOPICS.

II. Interpretation of Foreign Questions.

GOOD judges always wish to hear both sides, and there are usually two sides to questions of national greatness. Nations have their critics and sympathizers, their friends and foes. We know how impossible it is for the foes of the Mormon people to represent them truthfully, and why should we not suspect that the pictures which France draws of Germany, or England of Russia may be highly colored if indeed correct. It may be said that the people of the United States ought to be good judges, since they are supposed to sympathize with neither one nation nor the other and are comparatively free from political disputes. This might be much the case if prejudice were the only thing which makes the judgment bad; but the fact that we are so far removed in our interests from those of Europe makes it impossible for us to form an intelligent view of the situation abroad. Lack of information, want of sympathy, and prejudice in favor of certain forms of government make American interpretation of foreign affairs faulty. Besides, nations like individuals are the best interpreters of the motives of their own doings. When France, or Germany, or Russia does something, we almost invariably receive the English interpretation of the motives which

brought about the act; and the English are the most opinionated people in the world. At the same time it is just to say that they are the most experienced statesmen from the fact that they have to deal more than any other people with every form of government. American writers on European diplomacy follow the drift of English opinion more than they do any other; so that we generally see Europe through English glasses. If knowledge were the only point from which we have to reach conclusions on social and political questions we might more safely follow English interpretation. There is so much that is speculative that a lofty judgment and a keen discernment are required. An Englishman without an opinion is as inconceivable as a Frenchman without egotism. There is much we ought to see without the color of opinion and egotism. Germans write with probably less prejudice than either Frenchmen or Englishmen. The cosmopolitan character of the German, the judicial character of the English, and the artistic character of the French writings make a combination of the three essential to the best interpretation of foreign questions.

This principle is so well understood that prominent editors of European periodicals are educated to read at least all three languages. They are necessary to an advanced knowledge of the social sciences, to a higher form of judgment, and to the best interpretation. It may be asked what is the chief characteristic of the American. Max O'Rell says it is curiosity, and he might have added, the prostitution of everything to the acquisition of wealth. This will explain why our literature as a financial scheme makes even grave questions of international importance pander to the curiosity of the people. But the importance of these languages to a higher form of judgment is more clearly discovered than ever before, and the increase of time in American schools to their cultivation fully indicates the drift of the American people to a higher form of character than that expressed in curiosity. The vast missionary experiences

of the Latter-day Saints, and the absence of sectarianism in their religious professions will give them a cosmopolitan character, which in time as our schools increase the privilege of foreign languages ought to place our judgment on questions of social and political value beyond those interpretations formed by opinion, bias or selfishness. Now that steam and electricity are almost eliminating time and space in the intercourse of nations, and especially since the Jewish question is likely in the near future to absorb the interest and labors of many young men among the Latter-day Saints, the study of foreign questions will be essential to an advanced position of usefulness in society, and to a comprehensive knowledge of our own position in the world.

Jos. M. Tanner.

WORK FOR GIRLS.

NO FEATURE of the modern agitation on the woman question is more indicative of the real need of the female sex than the widespread desire of women, of wives, and even of little girls to do something to earn money.

The motive underlying this strange longing is the germ of woman's real advancement. The danger of the whole thing lies, as usual, in the ignorant following of the impulse, without stopping to consider the principle at issue and then intelligently applying the remedy of existing evils.

The greatest "wrong" of woman, if I may use so contradictory a term, is the dreadful monotony of her daily life, her labors employing but one set of faculties, while the rest of her grand capabilities rust and die for lack of exercise. This state of things is not to continue in the glorious on-coming future. And that our bright Mormon girls may be taught to read the signs of their temporal redemption aright, the broad-minded Editor of this magazine has asked me to incorporate in practical form some views of this important question.

I already hear some girl of fourteen ask with pouting lips, "What has all this got to do with my earning some money?" Have patience, my child. You will some day learn that every emotion of the human heart, every tinkle of a tiny bell thrills and sounds out and away into the remotest bounds of the eternal things. Has not God Himself said that not even one hair of our heads is permitted to escape His notice? Then, we shall try to show the connection of earning money and the divine development of the individual, if our friends will earnestly follow these papers.

I have taken the liberty of making a long introduction to what is designed to be thoroughly practical papers, as it seemed necessary for me to introduce myself and my mode of thinking before I could plunge into the subject proper.

What is this impulse? What is its origin, how can it be made to serve a noble end, or how is it perverted from its natural end into vicious and useless channels?

The life of our modern girls and young women is very different to any known conditions into which the sex have hitherto fallen. The freedom from care and from the heavy but healthy burdens imposed by the old-time lack of labor-saving machinery, the rapid growth of arts and sciences, together with the wide-spreading idea that the emotions are the only factors of happiness and worth, make a series of pitfalls into which the feet of our youth are continually falling. The young man may dream and enthuse for a while, but the necessity of doing or being something tangible in this swift living age is early thrust upon him. I am speaking now of affairs as they exist, more particularly in Salt Lake City and one or two large towns of our Territory. And as the greatest danger to our youth exists in these places, and, too, as the city is the great center from which radiate all our views and modes of life, I shall take the liberty of dwelling more particularly on these same city conditions.

The maiden who is released from all thought of responsibility as to her future, if of a ro-

mantic temperament, dreams and reads, and longs away the days of her maidenhood, her minor home duties performed mechanically, and her whole soul is absorbed in the impossible theories of love and life portrayed by the foul, demoralizing French play, or the modern unprincipled novel. When a real love finds her what wonder that she envelopes her lover in all the glamor of a sensational hero, finding after a few years of wedded life that he is a very common man, while she is left to patch up her theories of life and the dreary, monotonous duties of a selfish wife and mother as best she may.

The sensible girl, the one who has inherited and imbibed the principles of freedom and sound judgment, on the other hand, feels, before she has had time to speculate much on "the color of his hair and the clothes he should wear" a stirring desire to bring some of the elements of interest and usefulness into her daily life that her hard-working grandmother had in the olden days. She is not at all anxious to go into the field, shear the sheep, card the wool, spin it and make it up into garments for her brothers, but instinctively her soul revolts at her comparative slavery and uselessness. At once the thought occurs to her, "If I could earn some money I could spend it as I pleased; or," if generous minded, "could help mother buy many of the things she now sighs for in vain."

This, in brief, is the impulse. It may take another form of expression in the girl's mind, but rarely does she stop to consider as to its origin, its tendency, or its final development.

I have said that the motive of this impulse is the real germ of woman's advancement. The whole earth is being flooded with light, and covered with intelligence. Within the breast of the maiden there exists a restless longing to partake of this effulgence, and to develop in her sphere even as man is doing in his. Women all over the earth feel this impulse, and some interpret it to mean the liberty to study medicine, law or to preach, while some even think that the whole matter will be solved when women once exercise the fran-

chise. All these aims and ambitions may be gratified by the sex in the cases of rare and unusual women, but I fail to read the "signs of the times" aright if there is not under all this a far wider scope, a deeper meaning, a beautiful and more glorious sequel than any of our struggling, strong-minded sisters dream of.

What, then, is the real right of woman, at present denied her by her own foolish traditions as much as by the prejudices of her brother or husband, in what terms shall I couch this glorious God-given, individual right? PERFECT DEVELOPMENT! When this fact is once understood, when the girl, the maiden, the wife, the mother at last comes to comprehend the mighty structures she can rear on this solid foundation of righteousness, then indeed the Millennial sun will have tinged the hill-tops of our unhappy earth.

The nature of woman contains as many and as varied qualifications as does that of her counterpart man. Neither of the sexes will attain to their full stature until every gift is recognized in the nature of each and developed to its fullest extent. It is as ruinous to a woman to bury her talent in a napkin as it is to a man. Mothers must teach their sons that they need no more to be ashamed to recognize the gift of a sister or of a wife, if they lack the same, than they are to acknowledge the wisdom of God in giving their sister or wife a straight nose while they have a crooked one. Mental features are as much a part of our nature as are physical ones, and need no more accounting for. If, then, to bring this matter down to a simple statement, the sister has a greater gift for book-keeping, or for teaching school, or for clerking, or for writing, or for music teaching than he has, let him and his wise mother encourage the girl to develop the best that is in her, not being held down by the old traditions of woman's weakness. Some women are weak, and I am sure, so are some men. But the whole matter is this, if a girl, aided and encouraged by wise parents, will develop to their fullest extent every gift and grace she possesses, she will in the future find the man whom God designs for

her to have, who will be in truth her exact complement.

No father need be afraid to encourage his daughters to the top of their bent, if they have been well trained in the principles of the gospel, for there is no danger of the average Mormon girl being anything but a true woman, wife and mother. If a father should find one of those abnormally, strong-minded, strong-willed, thoroughly independent natures among his girls, for pity's sake don't ruin her disposition with sneers, rebuffs or grave misapprehensions; but lead her gently along the same path her other sisters tread, giving her strong gifts as much chance to develop as her weaker sisters' gifts, only using, perhaps in both cases, wise direction and supervision, curbing one and urging the other, when you will be surprised to find your strong-minded daughter will fall desperately in love with a man whose weak points will be her strong ones, and vice versa. The mistakes of married life are due generally to the mis-mating of dispositions. But we are dealing with the question of the development of girls, and what steps a judicious parent may take to restrain or encourage the natural inclinations of his daughter.

First, then, and of paramount importance, must the idea be inculcated that no one has any right to sacrifice the time and talent given for noble purposes to a sordid desire to make and spend money. The brother, the father, must spend the greater portion of his time in providing a subsistence for his family. As a correlative fact, the sister, the wife, must spend the greater portion of her time in the home duties of caring for the children, and preparing food and clothing for the members of the family. But, and here is the important thing for all to consider, is it any more required that a woman should spend all her time in her one round of duties, than that a man should have no other thought, no other aim nor interest than the pursuit of his business. The great secret of the hold which Mormonism has upon the affections of men, is the variety of ambitions and interests which

aid a man in drawing away for a certain portion of his time from the cares of life, and revelling in the light of principles as eternal as beautiful. Man, even here in enlightened Utah, has this one advantage over woman, he may choose his life occupation, many times to suit his taste and nature; the farm, the trades, or the arts and professions are open to him; but with woman her life work is always the same. But, dear sister, the time will come, if you are wise, when you will find time outside of your daily duties to still pursue the object of your highest desires. Your chances, indeed, are not even now inferior to man's, for his daily business is quite as engrossing, and takes far more of his time than need the cares and duties of your domestic life, if you will but simplify your labors.

How then can the maiden, the young girl who stands by her mother's side anxiously watching for some chance to widen legitimately the scope of her life, be satisfied and ennobled by the gratification of her desires?

To answer that question in a simple, practical manner will be the object of this department.

Mary Howe.

LASTING SOAP BUBBLES.—To make soap bubbles that will last for several hours is easy enough if the following liquid be used:

Dissolve one part by weight of Marseilles soap, cut into thin slices, in forty parts of distilled water, and filter. Call the filtered liquid A, and mix two parts of pure glycerine with one part of the solution A, in a temperature of sixty-six degrees Fahrenheit, and, after shaking them together long and violently, leave them to rest for some days.

A clear liquid will settle, with a turbid one above. With a siphon suck the lower from beneath the upper, taking the utmost care not to carry down any of the turbid liquid to mix with the clear fluid.

THE backbiter prefaces the harm he will say of you in future by the evil he tells you of others.

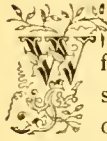
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 15, 1891.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Angels who Visit us.



WE HAVE received a communication from one of our friends, in which he says he has been requested to ask a question as to the meaning of the note in Leaflet 52 in regard to angels. The statement is there made that "they may be spirits who have never had bodies, or they may be resurrected and glorified beings." Our correspondent quotes the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 129, verses 1-3 :

"There are two kinds of beings in heaven—viz., angels who are resurrected personages, having bodies of flesh and bones.

"For instance, Jesus said, 'Handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have.'

"2nd. The spirits of just men made perfect—they who are not resurrected, but inherit the same glory."

And also Sec. 130, verses 4 and 5 :

"In answer to the question, 'Is not the reckoning of God's time, angel's time, prophet's time, and man's time according to the planet on which they reside?'

"I answer, Yes. But there are no angels who minister to this earth but those who do belong or have belonged to it."

From these passages in the Doctrine and Covenants he questions the correctness of the note in the Leaflet referred to.

As there may be others in whose minds the same queries have arisen, we think it better to answer his communication through the columns of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

We perceive no contradiction between the note in Leaflet 52 and the passages quoted from the Book of Doctrine and Covenants.

In the broadest sense, any being who acts as a messenger for our Heavenly Father is an angel, be he a God, a resurrected man, or the spirit of a just man; and the term is so used

in all these senses in the ancient scriptures. In the stricter and more limited sense, an angel is, as the Prophet Joseph states, a resurrected personage, having a body of flesh and bones. But it must be remembered that *none* of the angels who appeared to men before the death of the Savior could be of that class, for *none* of them were resurrected. He was the first-fruits of them that slept. He Himself appeared often to His servants before he took His mortal body; for instance, to the brother of Jared, to Abraham, to Moses, to the seventy Elders of Israel and to many others. The Holy Ghost, who, we are directly informed, has never yet taken a body, was seen and conversed with by Nephi, who bears record, "that he was in the form of a man." (1. Nephi xi, 11.)

We have no doubt of the correctness of the statement of the Prophet Joseph Smith that "there are no angels that minister to this earth but those who do belong or have belonged to it;" but that does not necessarily imply that they did not belong to the earth before they took a mortal body. In our opinion they belonged to this earth from the time of its creation, when they covenanted to come and take bodies thereon, at the time that the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. In just this same way was Jesus "the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world."

We are taught to believe that Adam was the first man who took a body on this earth. There was no death before he fell. Who, then, was the angel who taught him the law of sacrifice, or of faith and baptism, or who was the cherubim with the flaming sword who guarded the tree of life? We cannot admit that the scriptures are false, and that these beings were not angels; neither can we admit that Adam was not the first man, and that the Savior was not the first-fruits of the resurrection. Therefore, we are forced to the conclusion that the word "angel" is used in the scriptures for any heavenly being bearing God's message or fulfilling His commands; and, further, that all beings who were created

with the design that they should inhabit this earth, belong to it, and to no other planet. Taking this view, all difficulty in understanding this matter vanishes. On the other hand, if this is not the case, how can the sayings of Joseph and the scriptures—the Bible, Book of Mormon and modern revelation—be harmonized, as these all declare that angels were frequent visitors to this earth from the time of the creation to the days of the coming of the Redeemer?

CURIOUS ISLANDS.

A TRAVELER relates that a companion and himself were one day moving among the small islands and marshes of the lower Mississippi river in search of game, when they came upon what appeared in the distance to be a diminutive island, whereon the wild ducks seemed particularly pleased to alight. At the boat's approach the spot was quickly deserted by the game, but the hunters determined to watch this favored spot and see if a return of the fowl would not give them an opportunity to secure some. They approached the place, but were astonished to find it also moving with the stream. Wondering at this, they plied their oars more vigorously and were soon alongside of the floating island, which they now found to be the body of a huge alligator, on whose back there had accumulated sufficient dirt to furnish a hold for a variety of tropical plants. The creature was dead, or he would not so peacefully have furnished a resting place for the water fowl which made their nests upon his back.

This fellow had evidently followed his usual habit of burying himself in the mud during the chilly weather, and instead of reviving from his torpor at the approach of warm weather, he had died. The rise of the river had released his body from the earth, and had made it a floating island among the sluggish waters.

This is only one of many of the world's curious islands, but perhaps no more interesting sight can be seen than at the

city of Srinagar, the capital of the province of Kashmir, in southern Asia, which is situated in the midst of a group of lakes connected with each other and with the river Jhelum by canals, between which lie long, narrow strips of land. These islands are naturally among the most fertile spots in the world, but have been so neglected by the government that they lie for three-fourths of the year under water, and so have become practically valueless.

The loss of the vegetable and fruit crops, upon which the population so largely depended, caused widespread distress, and accordingly a very ingenious system of floating gardens has been devised.

The surface of the lake is covered thickly with water lilies, reeds, sedges and other aquatic plants, which spring up from the shallow bottom, and as the boats, which traverse the water in all directions, take the shortest route to their destination, avenues are cut through the almost solid growth, and a curious appearance is presented of long lines of clear water alternating with beds of reeds and sedges.

On these beds the market gardener establishes his melon floats. The stems of the various aquatic plants are cut about two feet below the surface of the water, so that they lose all connection with the bottom of the lake; but so closely are they intertwined that they retain their adhesion to each other. They are then pressed somewhat closer together, and formed in long beds about six feet wide.

The heads of the plants are cut off and laid upon the surface of the float, and over this is spread a coating of mud, which sinks into the mass of matted stalks. The bed, thus detached from the soil, floats freely, but lest it should verify its name and float away, a stake is driven through the bed at each end and down into the solid bed of the lake.

By means of a long pole thrust down among the reeds from a boat, a quantity of reeds and rushes is torn off the bottom. These are carried to the platform, where they are lightly twisted into conical mounds about two feet in

circumference at the base and two feet in height, terminating at the top in a hollow, which is filled with soft mud.

Here the farmer plants his melon and cu-

and the cones is trifling, the profit is proportionately great.

It is a curious sight—the long rows of green gardens, with their conical-shaped mounds



FLOATING ALLIGATOR ISLAND.

cumber plants, which he has raised from the seed under a mat. No further care is necessary, and as the expense of preparing the floats

running over with rich blossoms and golden fruits, rising and falling as the wind ruffles the surface of the lake. It looks like the mirage.

of the desert; the spectator can scarcely believe it to be real.

An English traveler tells us that he traversed fifty acres of these floating gardens, and saw not more than half a dozen unhealthy plants.

HEROINES OF THE CHURCH.

Biography of Mary Ann Angell Young.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

THE Elders who went out to preach the gospel in the days of Nauvoo, leaving their families sick and without the necessary comforts of life, (often with only corn-meal enough to make one cake) trusting in the Lord to provide for the helpless ones, were indeed men of faith, and of zeal in a good cause; but the wives left at home, lonely and unprotected with the heavy burden of a family on their hands, destitute of means and without suitable habitations, in an ague climate, sickness weighing down their spirits, what of them? They were heroines indeed! It is an old saying and a true one, that he who goes away finds new scenes and new friends to interest him, but those who remain at home feel the separation most; and that this is the case with the Elders and their wives, there can be no doubt; for these men go out upon the Master's work in His service, and leave the cares of home and kindred behind them; but the wife assumes the entire responsibility from that moment, and her whole soul, and all her energies are called into exercise and concentrated in the effort, to perform the part of both father and mother during the husband's absence.

Right gracefully did Sister Young discharge the duties and responsibilities of a missionary's wife. Her trials at that time seemed to have reached the climax; in the midst of sickness and poverty, deprived of every comfort of a temporal nature calculated to make life pleasant or desirable, she was called to

part with her husband and companion, and again to be left alone unaided except by Him who hears the raven's cry; for the Saints at that period were nearly all in very poor circumstances. In this emergency Sister Young trusted in God, and exercised that faith which none but a Saint can comprehend. The babe Alice was only ten days old, and yet her faith failed not; she rejoiced that she had the opportunity to cross the river to see her husband once more before his departure to a foreign land. Think of this noble example of faith and devotion, ye daughters of Zion, who repine and murmur when enjoying all the comforts and luxuries of the present day, in the full tide of prosperity; and seek to emulate the courage and heroism maintained by Sister Young on some of these grand occasions.

Like a woman of God, she said to her husband, as she had always done theretofore, when duty called him, even in the darkest hour, "Go and fill your mission, and the Lord will bless you, and I will do the best I can for myself and the children." With the true devotion of a faithful and loving wife in the midst of her own grief and trials, she sympathized deeply with her husband, who was worn out with fatigue and exposure, almost beyond the endurance of even man to hear.

While Brigham Young was away upon this mission, Sister Young had to contend with many things grievous to her feelings; but she bore all with the fortitude of a Saint, and was never known to utter a complaint. She was often obliged to cross the Mississippi river to Nauvoo to obtain the barest necessities of life, and that, too, in an open skiff with a baby in her arms, (leaving her other little ones in charge of the eldest girl) sometimes returning with a few potatoes and a little meat or flour. These journeys were sometimes made in storms that would have frightened women of ordinary courage, but Sister Young was undaunted, and has passed through trials in many instances under which it would seem that women of fine nervous temperament such as hers must have succumbed. These hard-

ships and vicissitudes undermined her health ; and the pressure and strain was such as only those who trust in our Heavenly Father could possibly endure.

An aged sister, an intimate friend of Sister Young from the days of Kirtland, related to me a circumstance that demonstrates what is here written. "On a cold, stormy November day Sister Young came into my house in Nauvoo, with her baby Alice in her arms, almost fainting with cold and hunger, and dripping wet with the spray from crossing the river in an open skiff. I did not question her, but made her a cup of tea immediately and gave her something to eat ; we had very little ourselves, but she was glad to have even that. I tried to persuade her to stay, but she refused, saying, 'the children at home are hungry, too.' 'I shall never forget how she looked, shivering with cold and thinly clad. I kept the baby while she went to the tithing office. She came back with a few potatoes and a little flour, for which she seemed very grateful, and taking her baby with the parcels she had to carry, weak as she was from ague and fever, wended her way to the river bank.'"

In September, 1841, Brigham Young returned from his mission to England, and in his journal says : "I found my family living in an unfinished log cabin, situated on a low, wet lot, so swampy that when the first attempt was made to plough it the oxen mired ; but after the city was drained it made quite a valuable garden spot."

About a year after Brother Young's return he was very ill, had an attack of apoplexy followed by a severe fever, and Sister Young in a very miraculous way was the means of saving his life. For eighteen days he lay upon his back and was not turned upon either side. He relates it himself, as follows : "When the fever left me on the eighteenth day I was bolstered up in my chair, but was so near gone I could not close my eyes, which were set in my head ; my chin dropped down, and my breath stopped. My wife, seeing my situation, threw some cold water in my face and eyes, which I did not feel in the least ;

neither did I move a muscle. She then held my nostrils between her thumb and finger and placing her mouth directly over mine blew into my lungs until she filled them with air. This set my lungs in motion and I again began to breathe. While this was going on I was perfectly conscious of all that was passing around me ; my spirit was as vivid as ever it was in my life, but I had no feeling in my body."

Thus we see this noble woman had the presence of mind, in the time of extreme danger, equal to the occasion ; she did not faint or scream, or run for a doctor ; but used her own energies, and the Lord blessed her efforts and thus was restored to life, through a wife's thoughtfulness, the man whom the Lord afterwards called to lead this people.

After these severe trials and tests of faith and integrity, prosperity in a measure was enjoyed for a time by the Saints, and Sister Young had a brief respite from the extreme hardships that had marked her married life. About this time another daughter was born to Brother and Sister Young, whom they called Luna, making quite a family to care for ; but Sister Young was equal to the responsibility devolving upon her in the household. More trials were drawing near, yet there were great blessings also in store for the faithful Saints who had proved themselves worthy.

The principle of celestial marriage had been revealed to the Prophet Joseph, and he had confided in a few of his tried and proven friends. Brother and Sister Young were among the first of the Saints to hear and believe in this revelation. They accepted it as a sacred and holy principle, and were not long in having a testimony for themselves in answer to prayer. Sister Young's acceptance of this order of marriage is an additional proof of the assertion, so often made by our people, that it is the purest-minded women, who have been strictly trained in virtue and chastity, who laid the foundation for the practice of plural marriage in the beginning. Almost without exception, those who first received this new doctrine, were New Eng-

land people, with all the Puritanical notions of their ancestors clinging to them, yet willing to make any sacrifice of feeling for the sake of principle.

By this time Brigham Young had quite a comfortable home, and his prospects brightened. Brother and Sister Young decided to enter into the order of plural marriage practically in their own family, and Sister Young's testimony on this subject was always strong and powerful. She said to the writer, "I know that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God, and that Brigham Young is his rightful successor, by testimony upon testimony of the fulfillment of prophecies uttered by these leaders of the people. I know it for myself and I bear this testimony to all the world, that this is the everlasting gospel revealed by the power of God's inspiration, and the visitation of angels, in the dispensation of the fullness of times, and that the revelation upon plural marriage, given to Joseph Smith, was received first by me as 'Thus saith the Lord,' as also every principle revealed through Joseph Smith and Brigham Young."

To this noble self-sacrificing woman was given the honor of bearing the first male child (John W., in Oct. 1844,) born after the revelation upon celestial marriage had been accepted and the parents had entered into the holy order of matrimony, sealing for time and eternity.

Sister Young, through all her trials and difficulties, never rebelled against any principle or doctrine of the Church, but patiently endured "the heat and burden of the day," aiding and strengthening her husband in the discharge of the arduous labors, ever hopeful, trustful and constant.

In the exodus from Nauvoo in the dead of winter with her family of small children, Sister Young was ever cheerful and buoyant; helping others in word and in deed; benevolent and hospitable in the extreme; her sympathy with the sick and suffering during that remarkable journey was in itself a blessing and a help. She possessed the natural qualifications of a nurse, and to those who

were in need of advice and assistance she ministered in tenderness and love.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

HARRY'S WIFE.

IT IS a tedious, long ride from Nephi to the city, and I was delighted to see Sister Allen come in and seat herself in front of me, her husband going into the upper end of the car to see some man near the stove.

I at once changed my seat to one opposite my friend, and after a few minutes' trifling talk, asked her if she would mind telling me the whole story of which I had heard brief details regarding the marriage and death of a brother of hers, and how it had influenced her and her husband to investigate Mormonism.

She readily assented, and we settled ourselves for a long visit. I will tell the story, however, in my own words, as I had no way of taking her story down and so repeat it from memory.

* * * * *

"Oh, Harry, you can't mean it?"

"Of course I do, though, mother dear. Why shouldn't I? Haven't you always told me marriage should be sealed by love? I love her, and shall make her my wife."

"But, my dear boy, consider! This fancy will fade away as so many of your fancies have faded, if you will but wait a year or two."

"Please God, mother, our love shall grow brighter through life, and the great eternal day shall be lighted for us by the sun of our true love."

His mother was silenced for a moment. His manner and tone were one of deep, manly earnestness, and she was well nigh hopeless.

"Harry, dear, do you realize what terrible disgrace attaches to the name Mormon? The sneers and jeers of all your associates, as well as the constant annoyance the fact will be to your own sensitive soul. And then, too, an ignorant, low-bred Danish girl as well."

She spoke earnestly, without a tinge of sar-

casm in her voice. "Have you ever thought about your position in society; your friends; will you not feel ashamed when the sneer is passed around, 'Harry Wallace and his Mormon wife?'"

"By the heavens above me, if any one *dared* to sneer at my peerless wife I would—pshaw, mother, who could be so low?"

"Harry, it must be understood if you persist in this ill-assorted marriage, there can be no intimacy between us as a family. Martha and myself will treat *your* wife with due civility; but we will go no further." The speaker's lips drew straight across, as her face took on the expression of her strong will.

"And you can be so cruel, so unjust? Oh, mother, that I should say such things to you; but as you will—there shall be nothing but civility. God forgive you—mother—"

His words ended in a sob almost, as he hastily took up his hat and went out of the house.

The home of the Wallace's was a very comfortable one. In fact, the neighbors of the thriving western city in which they lived, called the Wallace mansion elegant. It was large, well-built, with heavy doors and massive mouldings of walnut. Bay windows looked boldly out from every side of the house, and the heavy, square roof, which the humbler gazers on all this splendor called "mansard," gave the building a solid, steady look. The furniture throughout the house was equally solid, safe, and uncompromising. In the "parlor," (western people have no drawing-rooms, only through affectation), you wondered how the two elements of airy prettiness and heavy dignity could be so combined. The large, handsome walnut furniture stood about like a heavy squadron of cavalry. While over and about it, peeping out from corners, scattered like snow flakes, were dainty things of woman's manufacture. Floating scarfs, ribbon bows, shells and ferns, with here and there a bright dash of color, a bunch of stately, airy peacock feathers. In one corner a huge statue of Minerva, "decently at-

tired," glowered across at a dainty cast of "Cupid a captive." On the marble mantle, ponderous, handsome Egyptian jars swelled and towered oppressively over fairy vases of Egyptian glass. The walls were richly papered, and one or two heavily gilt-framed oil paintings were almost put out of countenance by the saucy staring of a couple of high-hatted female heads painted on porcelain and plush framed. Altogether the room was a large, well filled, but not over-crowded parlor, furnished and lived in before the wave of high art and sagebrush green had struck our western shores.

If one had the slightest doubt as to whose hand had supplied the soft, sweet touches, it would be solved, when the door was opened and Mattie Wallace came in to her mother, who still sat by the grate with her slippered feet on the polished rod of the fender, just as her son had left her. "Well, mother, what's the matter? You look as if there had been war in the camp?"

Mattie drew up her own pretty bamboo chair, finished with pale blue ribbons, and cosily placed her square-toed boots near her mother's slippers. She had been out walking and her cheeks were colored a trifle by the exercise. Dark, steady, sympathetic eyes; a straight, rather flat nose; hair dark brown, and straight as "candles;" a skin clear, olive-tinted; lips straight, like her mother's, but thinner, and red as the heart of a pomegranate; a chin rather firmly set for a woman's, but with a child-like appeal in its curves; and a figure small, but well rounded, made Martha Wallace an exceedingly pretty girl. You saw at once that if she could not persuade or control her mother, at least she was distinctly her own mistress.

"Martha, I wish you would avoid slang. Your brother has just left me, and with a very rude, ungentlemanly speech on his lips."

"Harry rude? Why, I met him as I came in, and his eyes and lips looked more like sorrow than anger. What could have happened between you two; I thought it impossible for you to quarrel with 'your Harry.' Mamma,

I'm afraid the tea was too strong this morning; you are nervous."

"Martha," said her mother, resenting the playful familiarity of her daughter's tones, "don't make me feel that both of my children are outgrowing the respect they should always feel towards their mother."

Mattie's lips pouted a little, and her eyebrows were drawn up the merest trifle.

"Has your brother told you anything about this crazy idea he has got into his head since his return from the east?"

"I am sure, mother, I don't know what you mean. Just tell me like a dear, good mother all about what's troubling you."

These two were more like sisters than like mother and daughter, for the girl's self-reliant spirit made her an equal rather than an inferior, and their intercourse was informal and easy. Accordingly Mrs. Wallace unburdened herself, and told the whole of the dreadful story.

Mattie was distressed. For she was proud, and since her infancy she had been taught to associate Mormons, Chinamen and negroes as the least intelligent of humanity. Then, too, as her mother plaintively added, the girl was a Danish girl, and undoubtedly of the lowest and most ignorant class. The most of the Scandinavians in the west were from the lower classes. Their broken speech, their manner, half-sulkily independent, half-fawning in its servility, their love of "clabbered" milk, were all the subjects of taunts, sneers, coarse jokes and mimicry among the young men of the town. Their very virtues were unfashionable ones—prudence, sobriety, thrift, strict honesty, with a decided habit of minding their own business, and meddling with no other man's, and their peculiar clannishness, only made them more ridiculous to the free and easy youth of America.

And so Mattie viewed the prospect of a Mormon, Danish sister-in-law with anything but a favorable eye.

However, she had too wise a little head to augment the bitter feelings of her mother by expressing her own thoughts.

"Oh Martha, you know how much I expected of Harry. My only boy, and so handsome. It is terrible; he has always been a loving boy to his mother, and has never been wild nor uncouth. Why should this heavy blow fall upon me? Oh, Harry, Harry, I loved you so!"

Mrs. Wallace leaned her head against the soft cushion, and felt that a heavy cloud of trouble and woe had obscured her life's-sky. Mattie twirled her fingers, pulled her rings off and put them on, but discreetly said nothing.

"And you know," from under the tear-wet handkerchief, "I had always so longed for Harry to get a nice, sweet wife who would be a daughter, and a pride and comfort, when you and Ernest were married and away," rather incoherently moaned the mother.

Mattie's delicate skin colored swiftly and she exclaimed,

"Well, mother, Ernest and I are not married yet, and there's many a slip, you know."

"But oh, I can never, never take this low Mormon creature to my heart; it is not that I am proud, for you both know I have never made any stipulations about wealth, when you chose your companions, but I did want Harry's wife to be a lady and intelligent. Oh me, oh me!"

Mattie felt in her heart the truth and force of her mother's words, for unequal marriages are seldom productive of happiness. But she said at last,

"Well, dearest mamma, don't cry any more; it may all turn out better than we expect; at any rate, we cannot make it better by mourning over it. Come, I'll have a little talk with Harry myself, and who knows? See, it is nearly dinner-time, and I must cut the flowers for the table."

Somewhat comforted with the ray of hope, Mrs. Wallace dried her eyes, and after bathing her face, descended to the kitchen to superintend the "putting on" of the dinner.

Mrs. Wallace was a tall, rather portly lady of about fifty-five—fine-looking, with dark, bright eyes and dark hair, well powdered with gray, always arranged in even waves, sugges-

tive of a nightly acquaintance with "crimping-pins," parted over a round, rather high, forehead, smooth as an infant's, and as white. She had been a Miss Gage, and her family was very proud of its descent from the famous American general, although she was not of the main branch, but one of its honorable offshoots; she had had the common New England education, but married Mr. Wallace, and moved west when she was a comparatively young woman. They had finally settled in the clean, thrifty "City of the Hills, R——," and what with natural shrewdness, habits of economy, and judicious investments in railroads, and the growing industries of a populous city they had become quite wealthy.

Mr. Wallace had died three years previous to our story, and as he had left no will, Mrs. Wallace and her children had made an amicable settlement of the property. Harry and Mattie had no idea that it was part of their rights to rob the woman who had borne them and who had assisted in the accumulation of the property of all but a mere pittance, so Mrs. Wallace had the lion's share of the property, leaving, however, a very comfortable sum for each of the children.

Naturally a lady, and with keen instincts of refinement, Mrs. Wallace was a western woman of the better class; and if her grammar was sometimes a trifle idiomatic, it was unknown to herself, for she disliked ignorance almost as much as she detested vulgarity.

That evening, when the four o'clock dinner was over, and Harry had ensconced himself in a huge arm-chair near the glowing fire of the "parlor," Mattie came in and knowing that her mother was indefinitely detained in attending to affairs in the kitchen, she seated herself on the arm of Harry's chair and affectionately put her arm about his neck.

They made a pretty picture, in the light of the red fire, she with her dark bright, beauty, small and feminine; he with the same lines and curves in his face, but deepened and enlarged into handsome manhood. He had the same tender, dark eyes, the same firm, ripe lips, but fuller and more curved; the chin all

masculine, the cream-tinted, colorless skin, the nose straight but larger and quite Greek in its sharp, thin, aquiline purity; the dark straight hair, the form much taller, broad in the shoulders and straight, with limbs clean and supple.

The dark eyes of the young man grew very tender as his sister caressed him, but into their depths crept, a grieved, pained expression as he noted the silence of the usually talkative Mattie.

"Well, pet, what's up?"

"Sure enough, Harry! you can answer your question and mine, too. What are you about to do?"

"See here, sis, has mother been telling you I am going to commit the unpardonable sin?"

"No, Harry, mother has simply told me the truth."

"Well, then, I am not ashamed of it; I am about to marry the sweetest, purest little girl on earth, unless I except my sweet sister," pinching her cheek fondly.

"That isn't all, Harry. She is a Mormon girl, and Danish as well."

"Is that a crime?"

"Come now, Harry, don't get angry; let's just talk sensibly about it. Can she talk English?"

"Of course she can; else how could I have been able to talk to her. I am no Danish scholar."

"But say, Harry, won't it be rather odd to hear her call your name? You know they can't sound *r*; she'll call you 'Hargrgy,' " laughing imitating the guttural pronunciation of the Danes.

"She'll do nothing of the sort. She will call my name quite correctly enough for me."

"Fie, Harry, you are not going to quarrel with me, too;" changing her tone to one of banter "he was a sweet, blessed old brother, and if he wants to marry a Chinawoman with her hair done in big butterflies, he shall, so he shall."

This raillery stung Harry worse than his mother's severity. But anxious to win over his darling sister to his future bride, he hid

his annoyance and answered her cheerfully. He could bear reproaches far better than ridicule; his wily sister may have discovered that weakness in his character, and set out to file upon his love of approbation with the sharp edge of her sarcasm, until the incision should be made to his reason, and thus excite the disgust she felt herself to the odd union.

"Mattie, you are judging a girl of whom you know nothing. Just listen to me."

"But, Harry, won't it be dreadful to have her shut up all the good rooms, and live in a corner of the kitchen. You know they always do. Will you be able to bear that?"

"My wife will make her home as pleasant for me as she can. She is a lady, Mattie."

"And then, you know," continued his sister, "when you are traveling, and she asks at the hotel table for 'loppered milk,' what will you do? I dare say she does not eat with her fork, now?"

"I have never watched her eat. But I presume she will learn to eat with her fork as readily as we did. You know we were not always up to the scratch in table etiquette, sis."

This was a home thrust.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

HAVE you heard of that strange and fearful tale
That a master mind has told,
Of a life at whose thought strong men turn pale,
And their hearts' warm blood thrills cold?

That wonderful story of Jekyll and Hyde—
Of a two-fold life in one—
Whose moral must show, as a fearful guide,
How the triumphs of evil are won?

A certain man—so the story goes—
Was filled with a motive new,
To test each side of his soul and disclose
What each of his selves would do.

Ere he gave full sway to the evil germ
That lurked in his inner soul,
He was loved for his young life's well spent term,
For his nature pure and whole.

And he walked erect with a princely mien,
And his manner was sweet and mild,
The old on his true heart safe could lean—
He was friend of each innocent child.

But when the evil germ that lay
Down deep in his inmost heart,
Was nourished and fed and given sway
O'er his nature's purer part,

He was changed as by touch of some magic spell,
And his look and his cruel sneer
Filled every heart upon whom they fell
With a haunting and horrible fear.

And the once proud form was bowed and shrunk,
And the fearless step was slow,
And the sound of its stealthy shuffle sunk
On the ear like an omen of woe.

And yet as the better self would rise
And master the viler soul,
All that was noble and pure and wise
Grew under its sweet control.

And one was Jekyll and one was Hyde,
And each self the other knew
As something strange, and each denied
The deeds that the other would do.

But stronger and stronger that evil power,
Which too often now was freed,
Grew, killing the good self hour by hour,
Through the might of each evil deed.

And tales were told of a fearful shape
Seen often at darkest night,
Creeping or standing with mouth agape
To madden some child with fright.

Then a robbery—and a pitiful tale
Of a poor maimed child that died,
Was told by lips with horror pale,
As the work of the demon Hyde.

And now a murder, foul and strange,
Of a saintly, white-haired man,
Told all of that spirit's fearful change
Since its evil life began.

And thus, held fast by the fatal spell
Called forth in a careless hour,
That once pure soul must ever dwell
Resistless against its power.

And yielding still to that evil mood,
With conscience and reason fled,
His hands are stained with his own life's blood,
And Jekyll and Hyde are dead.

Do you see the moral pointed true
In that story strange and wierd?
Let us con the lesson through and through
Ere our souls with sin are seared.

For in every bosom lurks the germ
That a thoughtless act may free,
That will blight the bloom of life's earthly term
And the hope of eternity.

Josephine Spencer.

THE FAITH OF THE SAINTS.

I.—Faith.

THE question is often asked by modern skeptics: "Why is man required to walk by faith?"

"If," says the infidel, "the theory of Christianity be true that there is a God who created all things; if it be true that He has laid down a code of laws for the guidance of all rational beings, that He will reward and punish according to the observance of those or non-observance of those laws; why, then, does He not manifest Himself in such manner as to remove all possibility of disbelief? Why, for example, were the Jews condemned for disbelieving the divinity of Christ's mission, when if He possessed all power over the elements He was able to make them *know* that He was what He claimed to be? Why required to believe that He had risen from the dead, when by showing himself to Jew and Gentile alike, manifesting His power, exhibiting His wounds, etc., He could make them *know* that the bands of death had been broken and the supposed unalterable laws of nature contravened by the Divine will? Why is this generation under condemnation for rejecting the testimony of Joseph Smith and the eleven witnesses to the Book of Mormon, when it was just as easy for God to make all men *know* that this was His work by the same power and manifestation that convinced the special witnesses?"

Such is the spirit of this age, more so probably than of any other of the world's history. Isaiah, the prophet, was probably looking down to this age when he wrote the terse description of its chief characteristic:

"Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope. That say: Let him make speed and

hasten his work that we may see it, and let the counsel of the Holy One of Israel draw nigh and come, that we may know it."

To walk by sight alone and leave out the principle of faith, would be utterly subversive of true spiritual development. Principles that are the logical sequence of demonstrated truths are always visible to the eye of faith in advance of the fields explored by the student's range of knowledge. There can be no better definition of the term progress than the demonstration of truths of which we are partially convinced, until they become knowledge.

There are some truths of which all intelligent beings are conscious. We are sure of our own being, we know that we are alike sensitive to pleasure and pain. We know that matter exists in space, and that the conditions and physical appearance of matter may be changed by the application of design and physical force. From these indisputable facts other truths are deducible to a degree of certainty that scarcely admit of doubt or contradiction. All effects are the product of cause. The most erudite philosopher can furnish no instance where matter has ever changed its condition without the action of life upon it; the rankest infidel can bring no proof that design ever existed, or can exist, that is not the product of a designer.

The faultless symmetry and beautiful harmony of the works of creation bear unmistakable evidence of an almighty power of infinite wisdom, and a masterly design in their construction. If chance created the worlds, how did they chance to move in perfect unison? how came the opaque worlds to be placed in such positions and at such distances from the luminous bodies as to receive light and heat suited to the animal and vegetable life that grow upon them? How came chance to people the earth with such a complex duality of spirit and matter in such vast multiformity and uniform gradation, from the protoplasm to the very image of God? How came the earth to bring forth the vegetable and mineral products exactly suited to the

wants of its intelligent occupants? Such is the reputation of the earth for answering every want of its creatures that every longing of the appetite is considered proof positive that something exists to satisfy that craving. Young animals who have never tasted water will exhibit a wonderful intelligence in searching for and obtaining the element necessary to assuage their thirst. While this is called instinct, it is nothing less than the faith they have in the fullness of the works of God.

Those who deny that the hand of a Creator is visible in all this, have certainly greater reason to search for the origin of cause for visible effects than have the believers in revealed religion.

Sir Isaac Newton often defended the Bible theory of the creation against the arguments of the skeptical philosophers far less learned than himself. One day he conducted an infidel friend into his observatory and exhibited a beautiful set of globes he had made in imitation of the sun and the planetary system. After expressing his admiration and surprise at the faithful delineation of the movements of the heavenly bodies, his friend asked him who made the globes.

"No one," replied Newton, "they came by chance."

"I asked you, who made these globes?" his friend repeated, pointing to the artificial orbs.

"They just grew by chance," reiterated Newton, "no one made them."

His friend was offended and plainly intimated that he did not appreciate being mocked in such a manner.

"Oh!" said Newton, "you are offended because I tell you no one designed and constructed these simple little globes which are only a feeble imitation of the grand and masterly works of an Almighty God, but which you aver came by chance."

If it is considered that design is shown in the formation and arrangement of the universe, there is equally good evidence that infinite wisdom was an attribute of the Designer, and just as sure is an almighty power a necessary factor in its construction. These two quali-

ties are indisputable the moment we acknowledge Him as the Author and Framers of the universe. Proceeding further we will see that other qualities are requisite accompaniments of wisdom, as knowledge and power.

In estimating a man's character we cannot avoid forming some idea of his past course of life by the measure of his intellectual and spiritual attainments. If he surpasses his fellowman in wisdom or knowledge, he possesses greater power to do good or evil; if his judgment is sound, we must believe he has studied to some profit the relations of life between man and man. If he has great influence among his fellow men, he must have won such distinction by fidelity to his own promises; his word, to be taken at par among intimate associates, must have been proven by his works to be worthy of such reliance. A great king or ruler can only be such by a due regard to truth and justice. We can readily see that great intelligence and power being possessed by any being, would work his ruin without he practiced these virtues. All men who have studied history to any profit, or the philosophy that governs life in any of its phases, acknowledge that justice is one of the irresistible forces of the universe. Many who deride the Holy Scriptures and even deny the existence of a Supreme Being, acknowledge that justice cannot be trampled upon with impunity, that the violation of any just law will, in time, work its own retribution. Those who deny the existence and active presence of virtue in the forces that control the destinies of nations and individuals, are simply those whose better qualities have been perverted, and, failing to find even the echo of these qualities in their own hearts, deny their potency in the manipulation of the affairs of humanity. They fall below the moral standard of the heathen philosopher who exclaimed:

"If there is a Power above us, and that there is all nature cries aloud through all her works, He must delight in virtue; and that which he delights in must be happy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION LEAFLETS.

Lesson 2.—Jesus as a Boy.

PLACES.—Jerusalem and Nazareth. Age of Christ—12.

TEXT.—Luke 2: 40-52.

40. And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him.

41. Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover.

42. And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.

43. And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it.

44. But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

45. And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

46. And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.

47. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.¹

48. And when they saw him, they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

49. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?²

50. And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

51. And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them; but his mother kept³ all these sayings in her heart.

52. And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

¹ Luke 4: 22, 32. Psalms 119: 99. Matt. 7: 28. Mark 1: 22. John 7: 15, 46. ² John 5: 17. 9: 4.

³ Luke 2: 19, 51.

LESSON STATEMENT.

This lesson gives us an account of the general disposition and behavior of Jesus Christ while still a child. When twelve years of age he went with his parents from their home in Nazareth of Galilee to the great city of Jerusalem, a journey of about seventy miles, to attend the Feast of the Passover. After the feast had concluded, when the people started

to return, it was found that Jesus was not with his parents. They, however, supposed that he might be traveling with some of their relatives or friends, as the company was undoubtedly a very great one. But after a whole day had passed, and nothing had been heard of him, they inquired and found that Jesus was not with the party at all. So Joseph and Mary, the mother of Jesus, returned to Jerusalem, and sought for the boy three days, when they found him in the temple, listening to the learned men and doctors, and asking them questions. Jesus talked with these men with such wisdom that all who heard him were surprised at his knowledge. His mother asked him why he had stayed behind, and caused them so much trouble. He replied by asking them if they did not know that he must be about his Father's business, meaning the work of his Heavenly Father. They did not understand exactly what he meant, but his mother remembered his words. He went cheerfully with them back to Nazareth, and remained subject to their control. As he grew older, he increased in wisdom, and gained the favor of all who knew him, and of his Heavenly Father.

NOTES.

JERUSALEM.—The capital city of Judæa, and the city of most importance throughout the whole land of Palestine. It was built on four hills, with deep valleys round about, except on the north and north-west sides. The city was enclosed with high walls, to guard it against assault. Jerusalem still stands, but in a ruined and dilapidated condition; it having been besieged, overthrown and rebuilt so many times that at present the city seems to stand on the ruins of former ages. It was here that the temple of God was built; and here the Jews came from all parts at the times of general celebrations and festivals.

FEAST OF THE PASSOVER.—This was instituted to commemorate the miraculous delivery of the Israelites from the bondage of the Egyptians. Pharaoh, the Egyptian king, refused to liberate the Israelites, in consequence of which the Lord brought many plagues upon him and his people; the last and most severe being the destruction of the eldest or first-born in every family and also among animals. The Israelites as they were counseled by Moses, sprinkled the blood of a lamb upon the door posts of every house, and the angel of the Lord passed over those houses when slaying the first-born of the Egyptians. (*Exodus 12: 13.*) The feast held annu-

ally in commemoration of this favor, lasted seven days. It was sometimes called the "feast of unleavened bread," because only unleavened bread, or bread without yeast, was to be eaten at those times.

WHAT WE MAY LEARN FROM THIS LESSON.

1. We should strive to gain wisdom in our youth and grow in the grace of God as Jesus did. 2. If we try to learn the will of God he will give us wisdom as we need. 3. We should be dutiful to our earthly parents as Jesus was to his. 4. Knowledge should never make us vain or conceited; although able to converse with the learned doctors, Jesus was still humble and obedient to his parents in all things.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

1. What is this lesson about? 2. For what purpose did the parents of Jesus go to Jerusalem once a year? 3. What do you know about Jerusalem? 4. What was the feast of the passover to commemorate? 5. For what purpose did the Lord destroy the first-born among the Egyptians? 6. How were the Israelites' houses marked? 7. By what other name was this festival sometimes called? 8. What is unleavened bread? 9. How long did the feast last? 10. When did the parents of Jesus miss the boy? 11. What did they then do? 12. How long did they seek him? 13. Where did they find him? 14. What was he doing when they found him? 15. Who were the doctors? 16. What caused the doctors to wonder at the sayings of Christ? 17. What did the parents of Jesus say to him when they saw him? 18. What was his reply? 19. To what did he refer by his Father's business? 20. What did Jesus do when his parents requested him to go home with them? 21. Where was Nazareth? 22. For what was the city noted?

ILLUSTRATIVE PASSAGES.

THE PASSOVER.—For I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and will smite all the first-born in the land of Egypt, both man and beast; and against all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgment: I am the Lord. And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt.

And this day shall be unto you for a memorial; and ye shall keep it a feast to the Lord throughout your generations: ye shall keep it a feast by an ordinance forever.

Seven days shall ye eat unleavened bread; even the first day ye shall put away leaven out of your houses; for whosoever eateth leavened bread from the first day until the seventh day, that soul shall be cut off from Israel.—*Exodus 12: 12-15.*

THE WISDOM OF CHRIST.—I have more understanding than all my teachers: for thy testimonies are my meditation.—*Psalms 119: 99.*

And all bear him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. And they said, Is not this Joseph's son?

And they were astonished at his doctrine: his word was with power.—*Luke 4: 22, 32.*

And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine.—*Matt. 7: 28.*

A HYMN.

COME, let us join and sing
The worth of that great man
Whom God ordained to bring
To light the gospel plan;
His name let earth and heaven revere,
Joseph, the martyred saint and seer.

When dark doubt, as a pall,
Hung o'er his troubled heart,
For wisdom he did call
To know the better part,
And heaven's tender, loving care
Was moved to heed his humble prayer.

"They all are wrong," said God,
"And lead my sheep astray;
On you shall be bestowed
To teach the heavenly way."
And God and Christ appeared in power
To sanctify that sacred hour.

The gospel was revealed
As God to Joseph told,
The heavens for ages sealed
Their treasures did unfold,
And holy angels came and gave
The keys they held to bless and save.

All praise to God, our stay,
That Joseph was inspired
To hail the glorious day
By prophets long desired,
When Saints should reach the perfect goal
And blend in one harmonious whole.

J. C.

For Our Little Folks.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY, PUBLISHED IN No.

24, VOL. 25.

1. WHAT did the pioneers proceed to do immediately upon their arrival in the valley? A. To plow and plant seed, to select a site for a city and a temple, to build a fort and erect houses.

2. Who arrived in the valley on the 29th of July following the arrival of the Pioneers? A. A detachment of the Mormon Battalion, which had been left in New Mexico, and a small company of Saints from Mississippi.

3. When did President Young and the main body of the Pioneers leave the valley to return to Winter Quarters? A. On the 26th of August, 1847.

4. When was the quorum of the First Presidency of the Church organized? A. On the 5th of December, 1847.

5. Who was selected to constitute this quorum? A. Brigham Young as president and Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards as counselors.

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 24, Vol. 25: Sophronia Wood, Wm. Jacobs, Lucy J. Seaman, Henry H. Blood, Rebecca C. Allen and C. E. Wight.

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

THE following named persons have been awarded prizes for furnishing the most correct answers to the Questions on Church History published in the last twelve numbers of Vol. 25 of the INSTRUCTOR:

Sophronia Wood, Spanish Fork, First Prize: One year's subscription to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR; Rebecca C. Allen, Hyrum, Second Prize: One Vol. of "Fireside Readings;" C. E. Wight, Hyrum, Third Prize: a book entitled "Afar in the Forest."

TO OUR YOUNG ARTISTS.

IN response to our invitation in No. 24 of Vol. 25 we have received drawings from the following named persons: Leo Fairbanks, Payson; Sarah Andrews, Big Cottonwood; Ottie Kelsey, Springville; Lucy J. Seaman, May Jacobs, William Jacobs, Pearl Jacobs, Heber City; Albert R. Lyman, Scipio; Tryphena R. Durrant, American Fork; Rebecca Watson, Fairview, Idaho; Nettie Wodskow, Manti. The best specimens were sent in by the first three persons above named. We here give another picture as a copy to draw. According to our promise, we offer the following prizes for drawings, and invite all who have a liking for such work to compete for these prizes:

For the best pencil drawing of any subject that may be chosen we will give as first prize, a copy of "From

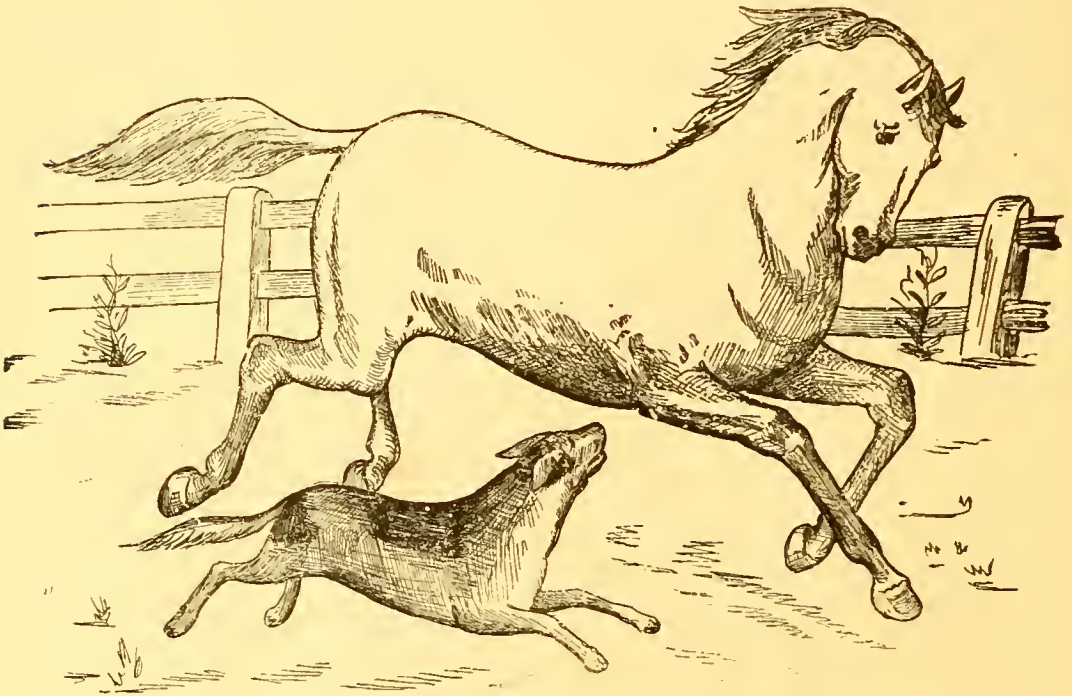
Kirtland to Salt Lake ;" for second best drawing we will give a copy of "Domestic Science;" and for the third best, "History of Benjamin Franklin."

To give our young artists plenty of time to practice and prepare these sketches carefully, we shall allow

MORE PRIZES.

WE have discontinued publishing Questions on Church History for our young readers to answer, and propose now to give them something else to do.

We wish our young friends to furnish us for publication in the INSTRUCTOR



DRAWN BY LEO FAIRBANKS, AGE 11 YEARS.

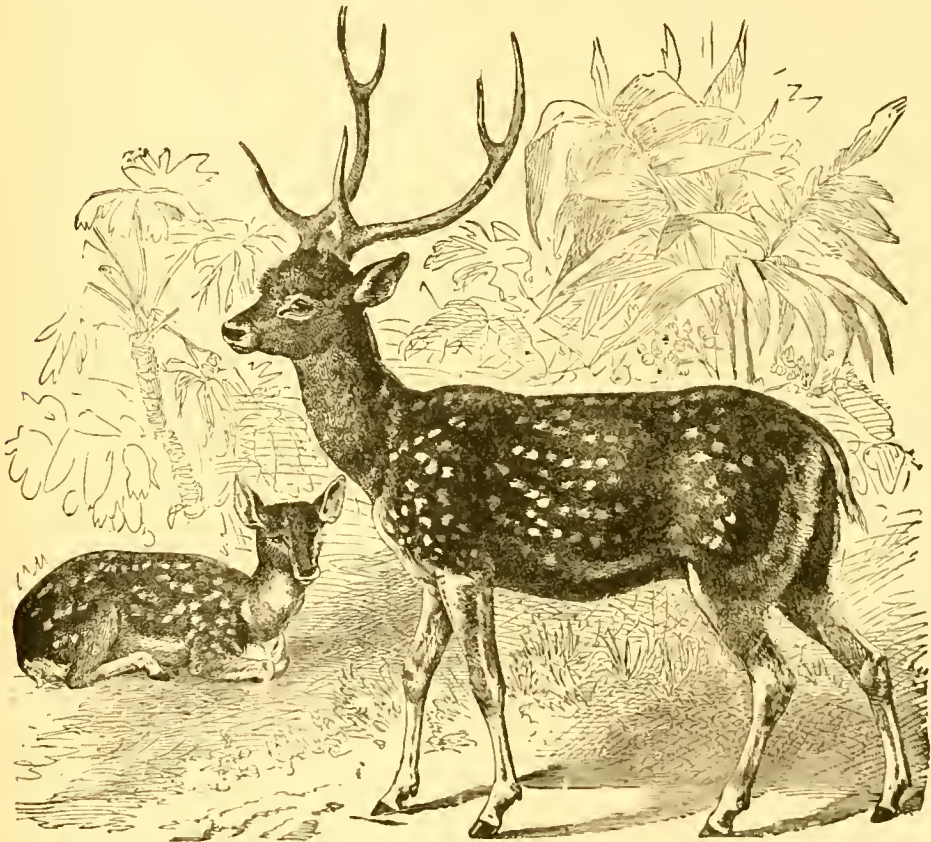
them until the first of July, 1891, to send in their pictures. Here is a good chance for you to show what you are able to do in this line. Try your best, and do not get discouraged because you cannot do good work the first time you make an effort.

THE world's greatest men once had to learn as children.

TOR to be issued one month from date (February 15) a list of as many important events as they can find which happened in January. Events either in the history of the Church or in the history of the world will be acceptable. It matters not what year these events happened, but they must be those only which occurred in this month. The day of the month and the number of the year must be

given with each event. Next month we will call for the events of February, and so on during the year. In this way, by the end of the year, quite a complete chronology of events will be procured, if you will take hold of the work earnestly and be diligent in searching for the information re-

For the most complete list of events furnished during the first six months of the year we will give as the first prize, a copy of the "Life of Joseph Smith," cloth bound; for the next best list, as second prize, "The Poetical Writings of O. F. Whitney;" and for the next, a third prize, "Domes-



THE SPOTTED DEER OF INDIA.

quired. The time thus occupied will be profitably spent, and you will gain a great deal of useful information during the year by studying the history of the world.

To encourage our young readers to do this work, (and we invite them all to engage in it,) we offer the following prizes:

"tic Science," a new work, just published at this office.

While searching for the dates of events, it would be well for you to make a note of all dates you find on which important events happened, whether they are in the month of January or some other month. They will all be useful to you in the future; but

to begin with send us only those for January.

THE MARBLE WORKS.

A Little Boy's Letter to Papa.

DEAR PAPA, we have been to see
The marble works to-day;
Some must be 'bout forty years old,
By their tiny streaks of gray.

Some are gray as sixty or seventy,
And others as white as snow;
Must have been born when the world was
young,
Ever so long ago.

There was marble rough and marble smooth,
Some tall, with angels on;
And some with flowers and some with names;
One said "Beloved John."

Two men were sawing one like wood,
This way and that they'd draw;
But it did not fall apart at all,
Though they had a big, sharp saw.

On some were printed pretty lines,
Such as "the fairest flowers
Are often first to droop and die,
Like this sweet bud of ours."

"Suffer little children to come unto me,
And forbid them not."
"Oh! Jesus, kindly, lovingly,
Guard Thou this sacred spot."

One said, "Called home to Heaven," and
Another, "Angels watch;"
And one, "Our ain, wee, bonny bairn"—
I think that last is Scotch?

A sheaf of wheat was fixed on one;
"Our Father," th' letters said;
But oh! I cannot tell you half
That mother found and read.

I want to tell you now, about
How queer it was for me;
Because it wasn't anything
Like what I thought to see.

When mother said we'd go to-day,
To see the marble works,
I laughed and clapp'd my hands, and made
Some funny jumps and jirks.

I thought of "chinas," crystals, flints,
Such piles of them, and that,
Perhaps, for ten cents I could buy
Enough to fill my hat.

When mamma said that she must write,
I told her so must I;
She guides my hand, I hold the pen;
Now, papa, dear, goodbye.

We hope you're coming very soon,
And should you bring a toy,
I'd like a big, round marble, please;
Your tired little boy.

Lula.

FIRST AND LAST.

THE increasing prevalence of the scientific spirit, with its passion for exact statement, makes it more and more necessary for men to say precisely what they mean, and nothing else.

"What is your last name, my little man?" asked the new teacher.

"Tommy," answered the boy.

"Indeed! what is your full name?"

"Tommy Jones."

"Then Jones is your last name."

"No, ma'am, excuse me. When I was born my name was Jones, and they didn't give me the other for more than a month."

TEMPLE SONG.

By W. G. BICKLEY.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a bass line with eighth and quarter notes.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system. The middle staff is a new vocal or instrumental line, also in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The lower staff continues the bass line. The lyrics "With hap - py hearts and cheerful minds, We have o - beyed the call To" are written below the upper staff.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The upper staff continues the melody. The middle staff continues the new line from the second system. The lower staff continues the bass line. The lyrics "go and la - bor with our hands To rear a temple wall. With" are written below the upper staff.

The fourth system of the musical score consists of three staves. The upper staff continues the melody. The middle staff continues the new line from the second system. The lower staff continues the bass line. The lyrics "joy we labored with our might Our du - ties to ful - fill, And" are written below the upper staff.



CHORUS. Lively.



How blest the Saints of latter-day,
 To be by prophets led,
 Who truth reveal, to bless for aye,
 The living and the dead.
 From God the law has now gone forth
 That we our aid should lend
 To build a house unto His name,
 That He might there attend.

The gifts and blessings, keys and powers
 That will be given us there,
 More precious are than golden dowers,
 Or jewels rich and rare.

The Holy Ghost shall fill our hearts,
 And great shall be our joy,
 For God to us shall peace impart—
 Sweet peace, without alloy.

Then, brethren, let us do our best,
 Our duties to fulfill,
 That we may enter into rest,
 And stand on Zion's hill.
 For God will surely bless His Saints,
 If they will faithful prove,
 And in His temples they shall stand,
 And sing redeeming love.

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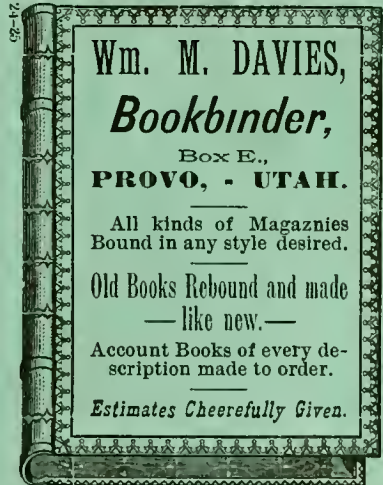


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